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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

CAVNAUGH'S

SELECTIONS.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—I Cor., 14: 15.

SCP
3124

How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.

CHO.—There's a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
There's power enough in Jesus
To cure the sin-sick soul.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my sight had sealed,
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only, Look and live.

2 Are you coming home to-night.

Are you coming Home, ye wanderers,
Whom Jesus died to win,
All footsore, lame and weary,
Your garments stained with sin;
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white;
Will you trust His precious promise,
Are you coming home to-night?

Cho.—Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming Home to-night,
To your loving, heavenly Father,
Are you coming Home to-night?

Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?
Behold your Lord doth Wait,
Come, then no longer linger,
Come ere it be too late;

Will you come and let Him save you,
Oh trust His love and might;
Will you come while He is calling,
Are you coming Home to-night?

Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin,
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite;
"Come unto me," saith Jesus,
Are you coming Home to-night?

3 What's the news?

Where'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news? what's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day!
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell;
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell:
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary;
That's the news, that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news, that's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed,
Twas there He bowed His sacred head;
But now He's risen from the dead:
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin;
That's the news, that's the news!
I feel the witness now within;
That's the news, that's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day:
That's the news, that's the news!

And Christ, the Lord, can save you now;
That's the news, that's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew;
That's the news, that's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive:
That's the news, that's the news!

4 EVER FLOWING.

There's a fountain, precious fountain
Ever flowing deep and wide,
Opened once on Calvary's mountain
In my dear Redeemer's side;
All who come in faith believing,
All who plunge beneath its wave,
Endless life are now receiving
From the Lord who died to save.

CHO.—Ever flowing, sweetly flowing,
Precious fountain ever flowing full and free,
Ever flowing, sweetly flowing,
Precious fountain ever flowing—yes for me.

Precious fountain mercy brought me
Helpless to its crimson stream,
On a desert wild she sought me,
Cheered me with her loving beam;
Precious fountain I can never
Tell the peace its waves impart,
How it saves me now and ever
Fills with constant joy my heart.

In that fountain ye who languish
'Neath the heavy chain you bear,
Plunge and lose your weight of anguish,
Rise, eternal life to share.
With a lowly contrite spirit,
Tell the Saviour all your woe,
Plead in faith its gracious merit
He will wash you white as snow.

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died:
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

6 ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost persuaded" now to believe,
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say:
Go, spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day,
On Thee I'll call.

"Almost persuaded!" come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded!" turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
Oh, wand'rer come.

"Almost persuaded!" harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded!" doom comes at last.
"Almost" cannot avail,
"Almost" is but to fail:
Sad, sad that bitter wail:
"Almost," but lost!

7 I am a Soldier of Jesus.

I'm a soldier bound for glory,
I'm a soldier marching on;
Come and hear me tell my story—
All who long in sin have gone.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah, I love Jesus, yes I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

I will tell you what induced me,
For the better land to start;
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcome and won my heart.

When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said, "he'll turn again;"
But though every day resisted,
In the ranks I still remain.

8 His Promise Faileth Never.

I praise the Lord that one like me,
To Jesus may for mercy flee;
He says that "*Whosoever will*,"
May seek and find salvation still.

Cho.—My Saviour's promise faileth never,
He counts me in the "Whosoever."

I was to sin a wretched slave,
But Jesus died my soul to save;
He says that "*Whosoever will*,"
May seek and find salvation still.

I look by faith and see this word,
Stamped by the blood of Christ, my Lord—
He says that "*Whosoever will*,"
May seek and find salvation still.

I now believe He saves my soul,
His precious blood hath made me whole,
He says that "*Whosoever will*,"
May seek and find salvation still.

9 Who'll Stand up for Jesus.

Oh, who'll stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene;
And raise the blood-stained banner,
Amid the host of sin?

Chorus—The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail reproach or sorrow;
If Jesus leads me there.

Oh, who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in His name?

My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all sufficient friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

10 The Rock that is Higher.

Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet:
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shaddow how sweet!
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.
Then quick to the Rock can I fly—
To the Rock that is higher than I.

11 I am Coming to the Lord

I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure,
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

Still Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and truth.
For earth and heaven above.

And He, the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free.
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.

All hail! atoning blood,
All hail! redeeming grace,
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

12 My All is on the Altar.

My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus I give to thee;
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

Cho.—My all is on the altar,
I am waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I am waiting for the fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

I am Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

13 To Jesus will I go and be Saved.

There's a gentle voice within, calls away,
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er,
But my heart is melted now, I obey,
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

Chorus.

Yes, I will go, yes, I will go;
To Jesus I will go and be saved;
Yes, I will go, yes, I will go;
To Jesus I will go and be saved.

He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for his love;
In his holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for his kingdom above.

I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er,
But my heart is melted now, I obey:
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

14 I Take the Narrow Way.

I storm the gate of strife,
I force my passage through;
And all intent on endless life,
The narrow way pursue.
I leave the world behind,
After my Lord to go,
Renouncing with a steadfast mind,
Its pride and pomp and show.

I take the narrow Way,
I take the narrow Way,
With the resolute few who dare go through,
I take the narrow way.

My Father is a God,
My heritage a throne;
And shall I herd with Fashion's brood,
Or put her baubles on?
The tinselry of earth,
The trappings of its pride,
Unworthy of my heavenly birth,
I spurn them all aside.

No cumb'rous garb I wear,
My progress to impede;
My pilgrim robe divinely fair,
Is fash'oned all for speed.
I cannot slack my pace,
For earth's fantastic show:
For like a flint I've set my face,
That I'll to Zion go.

Let Fashion's maniac throng,
Held senseless by her spell,
In idiot frenzy dance along,
And swarm the road to hell.
Ye gaudy, fluttering crew,
In vain you smile or frown;
I cannot stop your toys to view;
I'm running for a crown.

I seem to tread in air,
I seem to walk with wings,
As toward my heavenly mansion fair
My soul exultant springs.
Right through this world of sin,
Its frantic cares and strife;
Its Babel roar and dust and din,
I rush to endless life.

15 I'D RATHER BE THE LEAST OF THEM.

What poor despis-ed company
Of travelers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

O, I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a king—
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love to keep his ways.

Why do they shun the pleasing paths
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death—
The open road to hell.

Unknown of men they walk with God:
His name their foreheads bear;
And homeward to their blest abode,
They press by faith and prayer.

What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God—
None other can be found.

16 I've Been Redeemed.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Cho.—I do believe, &c.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus died for you, &c.

Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

Cho.—I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I've been redeemed—
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
That flows on Calvary.

17 In the Light.

Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey let us sing,
In the light of God,

Cho.—Let us walk in the light,
‖:Walk in the light,:‖
In the light of God.

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod.

They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight.

There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below.

Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

18 Will You be Washed.

List, the Spirit calls to thee,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Jesus died to make you free,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Pardon freely given,
Cleansing you for heaven.

Cho.—Will you be washed,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Claim him as your Saviour,
He can save forever.

Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy through heaven resounding.

19 Precious Saviour.

Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Cho.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die for thee;
I will witness to thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

20 My Soul be on Thy Guard.

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

21 The Blast of the Trumpet.

The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill,
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, come, come away;
O may we be ready to hail that glad day.

The earth and the waters shall yield up the dead,
And the righteous with joy will wake from their bed.

The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.

The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.

The throne of Messiah in clouds will descend,
And voices like thunder the heavens will rend.

The cry of the Bridegroom shall echo around,
And the Bride in her beauty go forth at the sound.

Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne.

Oh land of the holy, the happy and free,
In Jesus thy portals are open to me!

22 Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Cho.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me White as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon, this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

23 While the Days are going by.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

Ref—Going by, going by,
Going by, going by,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow.
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

24 Dare to be a Daniel.

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

Cho.—Dare to be Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many giants great and tall,
Stalking thro' the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

25 I will Sing of My Redeemer.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his wond'rous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

Cho—Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

I will tell the wond'rous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy.
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.

26 On Christ, the Solid Rock.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When he shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found;
Dres't in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

27 Zion's Hill.

I'm trying to climb up Zion's Hill,
For the Saviour whispers "Love me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still, to Zion's Hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.

Cho.—Climbing, climbing up Zion's Hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's Hill.

I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's Lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time, I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."

Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.

Then mount up still God's holy hill,
'Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.

28 Are you Washed in the Blood?

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white?
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

29 Glory to His Name.

Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

Cho.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in,
Glory to His name, &c.

Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have enter'd in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name, &c.

Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name, &c.

30 Shall we meet beyond the river.

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

Shall we meet there many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

Shall we meet with Christ our Savionr,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

31 The Merciful Saviour.

I was once far away from my Saviour
And as vile as a sinner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me.

I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There was no hope for a sinner like me.

But there, in that dark and lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying Christ, the Redeemer, hath power
To save a poor sinner like me.

I listened, and lo, 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me,
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou can'st save a poor sinner like me.

I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me,
My heart was filled with His praises
For he saved a poor sinner like me.

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now to others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me,

And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever
For saving a sinner like me.

32 JACOB'S LADDER.

As Jacob on travel was wearied by day,
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay;
When a vision appeared—a ladder so high,
With its foot on the earth and its top in the sky.

CHORUS.

All glory to Jesus. who died on the tree,
To raise up this ladder of mercy for me,
Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view,
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

The sight was so pleasing, the angelic throng,
With delight were ascending, descending thereon;
And God rich in mercy, He stands at the top,
In Zion's bright temple, to welcome them up.

This ladder is long, it is strong and well made,
Stood thousands of years, and is not yet decayed;
'Tis so free of access, all the world may get up,
And angels will guard them from bottom to top.

This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-man,
Whose blood, richly streaming, from Calvary ran;
On His perfect atonement, to heaven we rise,
To sing in the mansions, prepared in the skies.

Come, let us ascend, be bold, never fear,
It's stood ev'ry tempest, and always will bear;
For millions have climb'd it, and reach'd Zion's
hill,
And millions, by faith, they are climbing it still.

Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,
Have finished their labor, and reach'd their re-
ward;
And we're climbing after, and soon shall be there,
To join in their rapture, their happiness share.

33 A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

A brand from the burning, I now can declare
No sinner returning need ever despair,
When I, the chief sinner, salvation could gain,
My Jesus will never the vilest disdain.

Jesus, my Jesus, my own loving Saviour!
He pardoned my sins and he set my soul free,
And now thro' life's journey I'll tell the glad
story
What Jesus has done for a sinner like me.

I asked him for mercy, he said I forgive,
By faith I received it, by faith I still live,
And now can rejoice in a sin pard'ning God,
Who gave me forgiveness instead of the rod.

Oh, the sin of the past I can never reeall,
But the mercy of Jesus has covered them all;
When he found me insolvent, with nothing to pay,
He signed my release and he sent me away.

Oh, the flood of salvation that ran from his veins!
Has cleansed my transgressions and wash'd out their stains;
I see it, I see it, flow down from his side,
I feel it, I feel it, the blood is applied.

Oh, where was there ever found blood such as his!
It washes us white, what a wonder it is;
The world may eall it both foolish and strange,
But I know that in me it has made a great change.

He's with me in singing, he's with me in prayer;
In sweet meditation, he always is there;
Of objeets most pleasing, 'tis thee I love best;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

All glory to Jesus, the friend of mankind!
In him every sinner salvation may find;
The fullness of the ocean ean never portray
The fountain where I had my sins wash'd away.

34 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewey eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master;
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves,
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

35 The land just across the River.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my posessions lie.

Cho.—We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

O'er all these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

36 I FEEL LIKE SINGING ALL THE TIME.

I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a friend of mine:
I'll serve him every day.

Singing glory, glory, Glory be to God on high.

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing, 'Jesus is mine;'
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

Oh, happy, happy singing one,
What music is like thine!
With Jesus as thy life and Sun,
Go singing all the time.

The melting story of the Lamb,
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

37 IS MY MAME WRITTEN THERE.

Lord I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven—
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy Kingdom,
With its pages so fair;
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page bright and fair—
In the book of thy Kingdom
Is my name written there?

Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea;
But the blood of my Saviour
Is sufficient for me.
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow;
"Though your sins be like scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

Oh, that beautiful city,
With its mansions so bright,
With its glorified beings
Robed in garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are waiting—
Is my name written there?

38 Royal Way of the Cross.

You may spread your couch with roses,
And sleep thro' the summer day,
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If you follow the chart that is given,
You need not be at a loss;
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendor
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road.
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And gold must be as dross;
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

You say you will walk to-morrow
The path you refuse to-day,
And still in your lukewarm sorrow
You shrink from the narrow way.

What heeded the chosen eleven,
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they follow'd their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the Cross.

39 Anywhere with Jesus.

Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart,
Let him take me where he will, so we do not part;
Always sitting at his feet, there no room for fears—
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

Ref.—Anywhere with Jesus, anywhere, anywhere;
Anywhere with Jesus, I'll follow anywhere.

Anywhere with Jesus, tho' he leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be;
Tho' he taketh from my heart all I love below,
Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus, tho' he please to bring
Into floods or fiercest flames, into suffering;
Tho' he bids me work or wait, only bear for him—
Anywhere with Jesus, this shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark or desolate, when he is with me;
He will love me to the end, ev'ry need supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

40 When the storm of life is raging.

When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

Cho.—He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of His hand.

Though He may send some affliction,
'T will but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.

Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

41 What a friend we have in Jesus.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer,
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry.
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness.
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

42 Faith.

O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

Cho.—I do believe, &c.

That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

43 Arise, my Soul, Arise.

Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

44 HOLDING ON.

Though weak my faith, I'm holding on,
To Jesus I am clinging,
I feel that now the "Mighty One"
Help to my soul is bringing.

CHO.—I'm holding on, I'm holding on,
Fresh strength each moment gaining,
My lingering doubts at last are gone,
And Christ within is reigning.

I'm holding on, though Satan tries
To keep me from believing,
But while my soul on God relies
The blessing I'm receiving.

I'm clinging, climbing, holding on,
My faith is rising higher,
The last remains of sin is gone,
I have my heart's desire.

45 My faith looks up to Thee.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

46 Toiling up the Way.

We are toiling up the way,
Narrow way, narrow way,
We have journeyed many a day,
Toward the Kingdom;
Toward the distant shining land,
Golden land, golden land,
Where the heav'nly harpers stand,
In the Kingdom.

Cho.—Still we sing, Christ, our King,
Walks with us the weary way,
And the shining angels wait
To unbar the golden gate
Of the Kingdom.

Though the journey may be long,
Hard and long, hard and long,
We will cheer it with a song
Of the Kingdom;
We shall enter by the cross,
Blessed cross, blessed cross,
Gaining gold that hath no dross,
In the Kingdom.

We shall know each other there,
Over there, over there,
When our angel robes we wear,
In the Kingdom;
All that's purest, holiest, here,
Grows more dear, grows more dear,
In the mansions drawing near,
In the Kingdom.

We shall gather home at last,
Sorrow past, sorrow past,
We shall hold our jewels fast,
In the Kingdom;
We shall dwell in perfect light,
Holy light, holy light,
Never dimmed by tears at night,
In the Kingdom.

47 All hail the power of Jesus Name.

All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majestry ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

48 Jesus lover of my Soul.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

49 Waiting at the Well.

Little thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her
As a sheep astray;

That from sin he long'd to win her,
Knowing more than she could tell
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.

Cho.—Hear, O, hear the wond'rous story,
Let the winds and waters tell:
'Tis the Christ, the King of glory,
Waiting at the well.

'Neath the stately palm-trees swaying,
Listen'd she to words of truth,
While each thought was backward straying
O'er her wasted youth.
Hast'ning homeward with desire,
All his wond'rous speech to tell,
Asked she, "Is not the Messiah
Waiting at the well?"

Living waters still are flowing
Full and free for all mankind;
Blessings sweet on all bestowing,
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove him,
Every doubt will Christ dispel;
When each heart shall truly love him,
Waiting at the well.

Now my ravished soul has found him,
Thrills with joy my throbbing breast,
Living waters all abounding
Gives my spirit rest.
Let me haste to tell the story,
Oh, the rapture none can tell;
I have found the King of Glory
Waiting at the well.

50 The Lion of Judea.

When I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
And now I am joined to the conquering band,
I am marching to glory at Jesus command.

CHORUS—*Repeat.*

For the Lion of Judea will break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

'Tis Jesus my Saviour who died on the tree,
He opened this fountain for you and for me;
This fountain is Jesus, I feel the blood flow,
And He cleanseth the foulest wherever he goes.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
He fills us with fears, but we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.